



The Gipsy-Major-engined monoplane built in Austria to the design of Archduke Anton of Hapsburg.

eventually across wind—and the equally careless landing. We should see a lot more of this machine.

And now a "giant" took the stage, in the shape of the new ten-seater Monospar S.T. 18 or Croydon, which in point of size was the most impressive machine present, its high undercarriage and the unusual shape of its tail making it appear to tower even above such fauna as D.H. 86's. Flt. Lt. Schofield put it through its paces most impressively, the diapason of the two 400 h.p. Wasp Juniors and the scream of the C.P. airscrews adding to the effect; internally, however, it is unexpectedly silent for all save the pilots. During the afternoon some hundreds of people must have clambered inside to sample the luxury of Mr. Rumbold's upholstery—and to flip open the lids of the window-ledge ashtrays, which must be a new manifestation of that universal vice of kicking the tyres of motor cars. A top speed of well over 200 m.p.h., and a "flapped" landing speed of 63 m.p.h. made Flt. Lt. Schofield's demonstration an outstanding one.

A third example from the Monospar range, the Ambulance, was again shown off by Mr. Macphail (who had not previously handled this particular machine), and a pretty sight it made with its all-white finish and red crosses—though we did hear someone complain that they'd forgotten the bell. Built on the same basic lines as the rest of the Pobjoy-engined Monospars, it contains stretchers, Float-on-Air pillows, medical stores, oxygen and blood transfusion apparatus and pretty well everything else except an out-patients' department.

Doughty Dowty!

Mr. R. A. C. Brie, in the C.30A Autogiro (140 h.p. Genet) gave his well-known impersonation of a tube lift; on his final descent he proved the strength of the undercarriage by dropping the machine vertically on to the ground from a greater height than usual and the burst of engine may or may not have been given a little late. Anyway, the undercarriage appeared to like it.

Some grass-cutting and other flying by Mr. Kronfeld in the Super Drone (24 h.p. Douglas) enlivened the first tea interval. He likewise demonstrated the little machine's stability by simulating the attitude casually adopted by those who feel revolver muzzles in the small of their backs. His landing, carried out with arms in the same position, suggests that the machine was trimmed for the purpose—held down until the final five feet or so, and then allowed to level off naturally. Apart from its safety aspect, this last demonstration showed Mr. Kronfeld's skill more convincingly than anything.

There followed an item of the kind which always pleases, because it is unfamiliar to so many people—a flight of four sailplanes, wheeling and hovering gracefully in the sunlight, for the most part in fascinating silence, though occasionally one or other would emit an ethereal whistle as the pilot put the nose down to gain a little speed. They were launched by car-axle winches on the far side of the aerodrome, and it was a pity that the wind direction did not allow this interesting process to be carried out nearer the spectators.

The sailplanes concerned were a British Falcon III side-by-side two-seater from the London Gliding Club, made by Slingsby, Russell and Brown, and flown by Mr. H. Slingsby; a Cambridge II built by Dart Aircraft, Ltd., and flown by Mr. E. J. Furlong; a gull-winged Kirby Kite (Slingsby manufacture) flown by its owner, Mr. D. Hiscox; and the even more superbly finished gull-winged German Rhönsperber, with roofed-in cockpit, flown by Mr. Christopher Nicholson. A machine of this type holds the world's record for a straight-line journey of 318 miles. Those who complain about the

external finish of many aeroplanes should examine one or two modern sailplanes—and the comparatively low prices.

Another crazy-flying interlude, for the second tea interval, was contributed by Mr. J. H. Hill in an Aeronca C.3., who made it do almost everything that one has associated with more powerful aeroplanes—and did it, at times, rather too near the crowd for comfort. He showed, too, that though the Aeronca can be made to spin—comparatively slowly—it comes out with unexpected rapidity on the application of opposite rudder. Perhaps the most impressive feature of the display was the landing followed by violent, yet safe braking; the machine can hardly have run more than ten yards.

It is probable that very few of the spectators had previously seen the latest American machine to be sold in this country—the Cessna C.34, which was shown by Surrey Flying Services, the agents, and flown by Mr. S. L. Turner, the owner. Its fighter climb and speed were admired as much in the air as its clean lines were admired on the ground.

Mr. Stephen Appleby, who had arrived in grand style in a Putnam Pou, demonstrated the Abbott-Baynes cantilever Pou, arousing immense interest among the many hitherto unacquainted with the breed. He likewise demonstrated the Putnam Pou at a later stage.

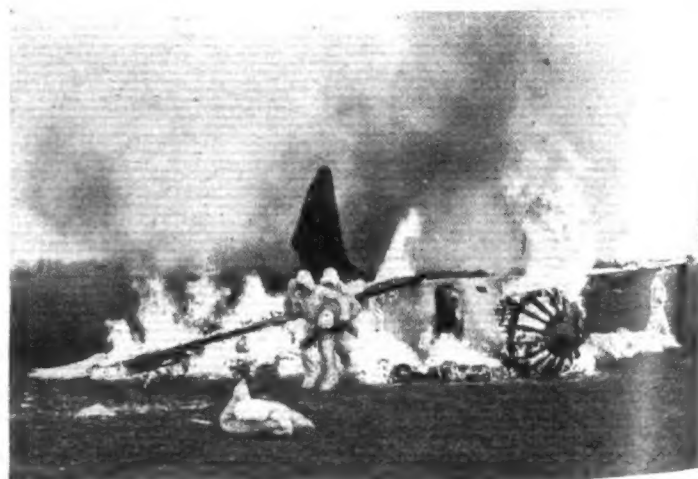
Single-seater Show

Flt. Lt. Moir then took up the pretty single-seater Miles Sparrowhawk (130 h.p. Gipsy Major) for an extremely tidy aerobatic display, opening with some upward rolls. All the more normal evolutions were carried out with a deliberation which indicated both ample power and superb skill.

Next came the inevitable parachute jump, Mr. F. C. Coveney, harnessed to an Irvin, departing from Mr. Irvin's own Stinson Reliant. We must put down to a strenuous afternoon's work Mr. William Courtenay's announcement that "the machine is approaching the aerodrome and the pilot is about to jump"—and give him full marks for an informative running commentary.

Flt. Lt. Tommy Rose put over a typically clean and precise semi-aerobatic display on the King's-Cup-and-Capetown Gipsy Six Falcon (and on landing, found himself in imminent peril from autograph hunters), while Flt. Lt. C. H. A. Colman wound up the flying display with a slow flying, fast flying, and short landing demonstration with the Series II Airspeed Envoy (two 250 h.p. Wolseley Scorpions).

There remained only the set-piece, in the shape of an "aeroplane" of doubtful aerodynamic qualities. This having been suitably surrounded by shavings, a match was applied, and, when things had warmed up a little, two gentlemen in asbestos suits (a speciality of Bell's Asbestos Co., Ltd., who arranged the demonstration) waded in and rescued the "unconscious pilot," who looked decidedly limp and showed a tendency to bleed sawdust. The Monospar ambulance then landed alongside and Mr. S. J. Noel-Brown, as doctor, assisted by a nurse, collected the sawdust-stuffed victim on the stretcher—during which process he became magically transformed into a remarkably healthy looking human being. Undoubtedly the most entertaining aspect of this item was the running commentary unwittingly supplied over the loud speakers by a little girl who apparently was addressing "Daddy" within range of the microphone.



The popularity of stratosphere exploration suggests expeditions in the reverse direction—with the aid of asbestos suitings of the kind demonstrated at the Garden Party.